live with his mother,
or off the street,
or off some bitch as you assume.
You give the appearance of concern.
You offer him twenty dollars
telling him it's cabfare
and discharge him from your home.
Your paths cross the next day.
You don't acknowledge him,
but he remembers,
his seed dilutes in your blood.
He doesn't dance well,
but you don't notice.
He's only visible
in the dark
to you.

BLACK BEANS

Times are lean,
Pretty Baby,
the beans are burnt
to the bottom
of the battered pot.
Let's make fierce love
on the overstuffed
hand-me-down sofa.
We can burn it up, too.
Our hungers
will evaporate like—money.
I smell your lust,
not the pot burnt black
with tonight's meager meal.
So we can't buy flowers for our table.
Our kisses are petals,
our tongues caress the bloom.
Who dares to tell us
we are poor and powerless?
We keep treasure
any king would count as dear.
Come on, Pretty Baby.
Our souls can't be crushed
like cats crossing streets too soon.
Let the beans burn all night long.
Our chipped water glasses are filled
with wine from our loving.
And the burnt black beans—
caviar.